

## **The Jester by R.G. Engrouth**

**Category:** IT

**Genre:** Adventure, Horror

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2012-06-05 17:14:56

**Updated:** 2012-06-28 00:52:42

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 04:48:25

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 7

**Words:** 4,814

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Welcome to the world of Nightmares, the reason children are afraid of the dark. this is our world...dare you enter?

# 1. Prologue

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1*

*Dedicated to all the evil Clowns and Jesters in the worlds...all of them*

*And to all those who teased and tormented me in the past, be warned.*

*And to my wonderful group of friends, both old and new, may our adventures carry us far.*

## Prologue

Do you fear the dark? Does the darkness scare you; does it creep you out, and make the hairs on your neck stand on end, the skin on your back crawl? Do you think there are monsters in the dark? Creepy, evil, demented, monsters that will come and get you as soon as you shut your eyes. Your parents try and tell you otherwise, but here is the truth. Yes. There are monsters and things that go bump in the night. Yes, they're evil, twisted, demented, deformed, savage beasts. And yes, they are out to get you. They are out to kill you. Kill you. How do I know this? I am one of them. My name is Reli Garro and I am a Jester. I know what you're thinking. Your thinking "HA, What's so scary about a clown." Well, there are a lot of things that are simply terrifying about clowns. But I'm not a clown. I'm a Jester. There is a big difference. What is the difference? Well, that would be telling you a story before due time. Before I can get to that one, there are some more things I must clarify. I am not from your world. I am not from Earth. I come from a world within your world. I come from a world of fun and laughter, where there is a party nonstop. I come from the world of Karneville.

Karneville, the World of Circus, the Jester's how, the Clown City. These are just a few of the names given to my home. Karneville is a

world where the entire world is nothing but one huge circus or carnival. There are all sorts of tents and attractions, games, rides, food, and other wonderful stuff. Now before you start packing your bags, there is more I should tell you. There are no humans in Karneville. Well, that's not entirely true. There are some humans, a few, but that would be telling wouldn't it. I bet your wondering "Wait, aren't YOU human?" No, I am not. I am a Jester, and jesters aren't human, far from it.

There are all manner of creatures in Karneville. There are those who live and work there, like us Jesters, Clowns, Mymes, various Side Show creatures, and the like. Then there are all visitors, like the Fae, Were beasts, Lycans, Elves, Hobbits, Nekos, Ghouls, Vampires, Drow, Orcs, Goblins, Dwarves, all who just want to see a "good show."

This is an interesting world, so much going on all the time. There is always some adventure to be had.

## 2. Chapter 1

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

### Chapter 1

We turned the corner, running down the alley. The S.W.A.T., the National Guard, Black Ops., they were in hot pursuit, all of them. It was a trap, a futile attempt at catching us. This was nothing new for me, I knew I could get away easily; I was more concerned about the new recruits. They were inexperienced at all this is and I was unsure if they could handle it. We ran this way and that, splitting and reforming groups, mixing and splitting again. None of it worked, they were still chasing us. I looked up; the sun was starting to raise, not a good thing. We ran down a darker alley, dead end. I looked over at the small group I still had left; they were scared and pressed against the wall. I sighed, pointing to a small, little area behind a dumpster, a dark, shadowy area that started to look rather foggy. "Get in," I yelled. One by one they start to move into the shadow. One by one they crawled in. One by one they disappeared. I stood there, I knew they were getting closer, I could hear their voices, "Over here! I think they went this way!" "Ha! A dead end! We have those bastards now!" I smiled; they had no idea of the dangerous game they had just stepped into.

I sighed. Humans. They are pig headed ostentatious creatures who think of nothing but themselves. Humans are intolerant, fanatical, prejudiced, small minded simpletons whose only real purpose is the entertainment of others. They are disgusting foul creatures, convinced of their superiority of all manner of life, but in reality they are weak, stupid, pathetic fun bags.

Time seemed to slow down as the first, then second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and more, a grand total of fifteen, fifteen new volunteers, began to round the corner, all suited up with guns and everything. I just stood there, smiling. This was going to be fun. They surrounded

me, pointed their big guns, yelled and screamed. I just stood there smiling. "We have you now you little freak! And we will hunt the rest of your creepy friends too, one by one if need be!" One yelled at me. "Oh?" I said with a calm smile on my face. "Well, I would hate to argue, but I would have to disagree with you. I think that none of you have the skill or the balls to hunt down even one of my friends." "Shut up!" another yelled. "You don't get to talk you sick, twisted bag of shit!" "My my" I replied "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" SHUT THE HELL UP!" he yelled as he tried to push me to the ground; I grabbed his arms, one in each hand and with one swift movement, I put my left foot on his chest, and dislocated them. There was a cry of pain, and a lot of cursing as blood spurted like two fountains from his shoulders. "Shoving is very rude you know" I said as the guardsman fell to the ground. The others were in shock, so I snapped two out of it, I snapped their legs. The rest pointed their guns; some even tried to rush me. My two Helltooth blades slipped out of my sleeves into my hands. With one swift slice, someone's large intestine was laying limp on the ground. With another, I cut off both his legs and arms and left him there. With another one, that pointed her gun at me, well, I shouldn't need to go into too much detail. This game was getting more and more fun by the second, one of my fine performances. Like all games however, it had to come to a close. For my big finally, I made it rain. A wonderful performance! The crowd goes wild! Ha-ha, those stupid humans didn't know what hit them. I sit there, blood still raining from the sky and pools of it flooding the alleys. I could hear more coming, but I really didn't care. I liked the feeling of the rain on my skin, and the wonderful smell it made when it was in the air. I sat, and enjoyed the fun time I created, and I thought. I remembered. I hadn't always been this way, no; I used to be like them. I used to be human. A long, long time ago, feels like a lifetime ago, I used to be human. Now, I laugh at the thought, but it is true. I sat, and pondered my beginnings. I pondered the beginnings of my first life. I pondered the beginnings of my second.

## 3. Chapter 2

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

Chapter 2

A long long time ago...

In the process of giving me life, or what you would call life, I stole life from my mother. How? I really couldn't tell you the scientific, medical way. The doctors are still perplexed about the incident. They said that somehow she knew something was wrong. They said that she was screaming, crying, cursing, and yelling. They said that they think something may have ripped internally. They said that my mother had died 13 minutes before I was born, in the heat of labor. They said that she was yelling, asking god why, and then she fell silent. They said that somehow, her dead carcass pushed me out. They said that I was very pale and they had wondered if I was going to make it. They also said I wouldn't cry. They tried slapping my rear, pinching me, poking me, blowing in my face, nothing worked, and I just sighed and stared at them with my big, brown eyes.

My father was devastated by the death of Mother and turned to drugs and alcohol. For years afterward he would sit at home, drunk, yelling and crying and cursing. He would blame me for Mother's death and tell me that it should have been me who died. For a long time, I believed him. He would often beat me, telling me that it was what I deserved, I would sit in my room, crying. Sometimes he wouldn't come home for days, leaving me all alone. I would just sit there, in my room, for days, nothing but my books to keep me company. It went on like this for years. Somehow, I made it to high school. It was a decent school, all the kids were nice and everything, all the teachers talked about how brilliant I was and how it was a shame that I had lost my mother. I would sit by myself and read. Then there was that day. It was the day that everything changed, forever. I had missed my third week of school, in a row, and my teachers were

calling my house to find out if anything was the matter. I answered the phone. They asked if they could talk with my father, I told them I didn't know where he was. They asked what I meant, I told them. He often goes away for days, sometimes weeks. They did what any adult would do. They called child services. I was taken away from my father, and given to my so called great aunt. I didn't believe for a second that she was any blood relation to me at first. I mean, she was pale, see through pale, white. I'm a light golden brown. But I didn't complain. She was a very interesting person. She told me stories of the old country, and of monsters and demons and all sorts of wonderful creatures. She was, the only person I looked forward to coming back to, the only one I could connect to. Family.

In the present;

I stood up, they were coming, more of them, and as much as I wanted to stay and play, I had to go back to see if the rest of my troop had made it safely. I had to make sure that they were alright. I had to... but...it was just a few want to be military left...No! I couldn't!...but...aw what the hell, just a little bit more...then I'll go back. I needed this. I wanted to hear their screams. I wanted to hear the sound of theirs poor little whimpers and their final gasps. They started rushing around the corner, into the alley. All of them, roughly the same number as before, stopped dead in their tracks. The scene in front of them was more than they could possible bear. The whole alley, including myself, was covered in blood and gore. I couldn't help but laughing. The look of horror on their face was hilarious. They stared at me in disbelief. I slowly started to walk towards them. They pointed their guns at me. I raised my hands in the air. They surrounded me. I smiled. There was many screams that night as I did a little rain dance.

I walked into the small shadow, I had to hurry, the sun was almost completely up and if I didn't get back quick, I could be trapped in this world longer than one would want. I took one last glance and the bloody scene, then slipped into the portico, and disappeared.

## 4. Chapter 3

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

### Chapter 3

In the past;

I walked home from school. It was kind of a long walk, but I didn't mind. I had to walk in the park to do get there, and I oh so much enjoyed walking through the park. The calmness around you, the peace, it made the day so much better. It was so beautiful. I could think in the park, be alone, and listen to the whispering of the trees, they are such big chatterboxes. I walked up the big steps of the mansion. The gargoyles guarding the front door glared at me. I brushed the leaves off their stone heads. I smiled at the griffin perched on a ledge above, looking down, intimidating, at me. I reached into my pockets and pulled out my key ring. Selecting a rather large skeleton key I opened the front door, stepped inside, took one last look outside, shut and locked the door behind me. "Nana, I'm home!" I called into the large house, my voice echoing off the walls and many relics. "I'm in the library dearest!" replied the cheery reply made ghostly from the echoing. Nana was in the library, which could only mean one thing. I smiled. She was reading, or writing, anyway she was having an adventure. I decided to join her and, putting away my coat and bag, I made my way to the library. I walked down the warm dark hallways. Statues posed for me, iron armor saluted me. At last, I reached it, The Library. Over the archway it read "Enter Not, Less thou Seek ADVENTUE!" My smile grew even wider, an adventure was just what I needed, and an adventure with nana was twice as good. I walked into the massive library, a seemingly endless room, bigger than any other in the mansion. "Where are you Nana?" I called. "Over here! In the 'Mythology' section" she replied heartily. I ran over as fast as I could, which was pretty darn fast. I rounded the last bookshelf, and there she was, sitting next to a pile of books. Her old, wise, eyes staring at the page in front of her through her thick



bifocals. "And how was school today?" she asked. "School was good. I like that school better than the other ones" I said, picking up a book and putting it back in its place on the shelf. "As you should" she said, standing up and putting some books away, "it was made for kids just like you, special kids, kids who aren't like other kids." I smiled, she was always doing that, telling me how special I was, how I was going to do things this world has never seen, how there was the blood of ancients flowing through my veins. It made me happy, knowing I was special. I liked it, and I loved Nana

## 5. Chapter 4

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

Chapter 4

in the present;

I stepped outside of my tent and look at the vast domain, carnival tents, stands, games, booths, and pavilions were everywhere. All matter of creature walked the streets. In the middle of the city, the center of all the attention, were the Big Tops, including the Mega Dome. The Mega Dome, this huge, HUGE, Big Top with fifteen rings, fourteen smaller and a huge 135 juggles ring in the middle, two stages, and even theater-style booths for the High Class. I looked about one more time and went back into my tent, I originally had only twenty hours before my act was to start in the Mega Dome and that time was cut in half because of the presentation of the new All Rings Master, presented by the queen of vampires Herself. I walked over to the big cord near a side post and give it a hard yank. There are several loud SPRONGs followed by an equal number of WHOOMPHs as bodies fell to the floor. "We're up! We're up!" a voice called. It was Katari, a Jester juggler, part of my troop, and one of my best friends. "Look!" She said as he did a few flips into our main tent, smiling and giving me a big hug. "We are wide awake! There is no need to pull the cord. At least give us some warning before you do it next time." I laughed. "Now where would be the fun in that, hmmm? Come on, we have to get ready and head over to the Mega Dome." She smiled and went back to her private tent. I smiled back, moving out of the way just in time as a dagger whizzing past my head. "Kataro that almost hit my head, what have I told you about throwing blades at people" I yell at a tent flap. A head popped out, smiling, "You told me not to miss." Kataro replied. "Exactly, your aim is off, try throwing a little more to the right." I laughed and Kataro smiled. "I'll do better next time." He said before darting off. "Come on everyone! We don't have that much time left to prepare for the big

show tonight! That little incident last night put us back a few, we need to regain time!" I call out throughout the tents. I looked back outside, not many people were in our section today, meaning there was more time for preparation for our big performance tonight in the Mega Dome. I turned to look the other direction, there, standing by another tent, was a small group of clowns. It seems like they had found a little boy, probably around nine or ten, and was having fun scaring him silly. Nasty little things, clowns are.

The clowns of Karneville are monsters in themselves. They are savage animals that thrive on the fear, the pain and the death of others, mostly humans. They thirst for blood and hunger for gore. They live to kill and kill for fun. They are also surprisingly entertaining. Most of them are mindless idiots, stalking around, looking for victims, going to Earth and kidnapping, then bringing the person to deaths door again and again, never letting them slip into the peaceful, welcoming sleep. They scar people both physically and mentally. Granted not all of the clown populations are that barbaric. I myself have several clowns that work for me, all of which I keep strict standards; they must have some control over that killer instinct of theirs.

Anyway, they had tormented this little human boy, he was crying and carrying on so. They finally let him go, and he went running. He ran right into a FUN HOUSE. I don't think I will ever see that boy again. The FUN HOUSES are hangouts for clowns; the one he had run into had particularly nasty clowns in it. But who knows, fate may have him cross my path again.

Katari was doing her normal juggling act. She was tossing daggers with several small flaming balls, just for spice. This was a relatively simple task when you have four hands like her. I say four hands because she doesn't truly have four complete, individual arms, like her twin Kataro, but rather her arms divides at the elbow to form two more lowers arms and hands. These types of "mutations" are quite handy when you are a Juggler Jester, and quite normal. As for myself, I really didn't have any types of configurations or mutations, at least, nothing physical.

Zyire, my roommate and one of my best friends, walked outside and stood next to me. Zyrie is by far the most interesting person your will

ever meet. He is a Necropyromancer, a creature who has mastered the use of fire to extraordinary levels, and the use of Necromancy, or dark energy, producing a very powerful Hell Fire Mage. He is very tall and very thin and pale, standing around 7' 4", and keeps his hair short and shaggy. He wears a dark crimson leather overcoat (with sleeves that are a bit too long) and round, dark crimson sunglasses to cover over his flaming eyes.

He is also a Myme, similar to Earth's mimes. The main difference, however, is that while mimes choose not to talk, Mymes are completely incapable of speech. Zyire communicates through a series of facial expressions. With his Myme heritage comes also his Myme features, like the dark markings under and above his eyes, around his cheeks and on his nose, and his charcoal colored lips.

A long, long time ago, before I was a complete Jester, I was being chased down by clowns, evil breed clowns are, when I was cornered. Out of nowhere came this blast of blue fire, it took out three clowns. I looked over and standing there, was Zyire. We have been friends ever since.

He watched Katari's act for a few minutes and then looked down at me, I looked up at him. His face said *we're going to be late*, I nodded; and this is one event we can't afford to miss.

## 6. Chapter 5

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

### Chapter 5

In the Past;

Today was a wonderful day, so peaceful, simply beautiful. I had been sitting outside in the park for about three hours now, writing poetry and short stories. I had no school today on account of some holiday or something. I was enjoying myself immensely; there was nothing better than reading, or writing, a good book. Sometimes I wonder why the heroes always follow the same plot. There is always something wrong, and they always go out to fix it, and to top it off they never fail. The world doesn't work like that. There is no guarantee that the good guy wins, and who can say that the good guy is actually the good guy, he may be explicitly evil and corrupt. That is why I sat here, I wanted to write my own story, I wanted to make my own mark. I made it a goal in my life to make all those around me happy, and so far I have succeeded. At school, my special school, I don't have very many friends, but everyone who hangs around me with always find themselves with a smile on their face. Yes, my school. My school is very weird, see it isn't a normal school, it's a school for kids who are...different. It is really hard to describe it, it's not like we are freaks or mutants, and we're just different. Some of the kids can make wind blow with a thought, or at least claim to. Some kids have the strength of thirteen men, and some can run faster that thought possible. Some of the kids are rather beastlike, physically, or mentally, or both. Some kids have a rather interesting heritage, dating back to the old country. Some of the kids are unnaturally pale, and some are just plain charming. Yes, I go to a school...for "monsters"

## 7. Chapter 6

*The Jester*

*By R.G. Engrouth*

*Book # 1 The Beginning*

### Chapter 6

In the present;

So there we were all grouped together, clown, and jester, and myme alike. We stood there, shifting and whispering, waiting for our new All Rings Master, the head Ring Master of all the rings in Karneville. Zyire and I, along with Katari and Kataro, and the rest of my Troop were in the back of the crowd, we were late. I honestly didn't care much at all to see the new All Rings Master. If the event weren't mandatory, I wouldn't even have showed up. I mean, what was so exciting about it? It was just going to be another old Peer of the Realm who enjoys watching heads sifted but has never gotten his hands covered in blood before. I told the rest that I would be heading back to our main tents, this was ludicrous and a big waste of time.

It was a rather long walk back to the tents and I was looking down at the ground, wondering what would become of the current schedule and Clown Control. There were so many matters that needed to be addressed, and of course, some bureaucrat with no idea of the way of the games is going to come in and throw everything off... EVERYTHING. I was worried; things were just starting to balance out. I was so preoccupied in my thought, I walked right into someone. I looked up, it was a girl, a young vampiress, in her late teens. A vampress here, all alone, a young one too, now that was rare. "I'm so sorry" I apologized "I didn't see you there, caught in my own thoughts." I was rather embarrassed, not exactly knowing how to act. The girl giggled, not helping my embarrassment, and looked at me with her big grey eyes. There was something very inviting about those eyes. I think I might have...yes, I have...vampire eyes, eyes that intrigue you, captivate you, and draw you closer. Trusting eyes, curious eyes, wondering eyes, those eyes drew you closer, so those

teeth could bite. I knew this, and I looked away. She giggled again. I turned and prepared to walk away but she grabbed my shoulder. "Please don't go" she said "I don't really know anybody here and this is a rather confusing world." It was my turn to giggle, "Yes, Karneville can be confusing to new comers. Are you here by yourself?" "Yes" she replied, her eyes flashing a shade a grayish-red. She was trying to make herself seem helpless, trying to persuade me to help her, by making herself look weak. Unfortunately, here that would have a negative effect and unleash clown hell on her cute ass. That wouldn't do, she may be an outsider, but she's a cute outsider. "Okay, rule number one, never ever, EVER tell anyone you're alone, no matter how nice they seem. You're just lucky that I'm a Jester, not a Clown. Anyway, that out of the way, why are you here?" I asked. "I'm lost" she said "I'm supposed to be at the All Rings Master inauguration but I got lost, and this place is so creepy." I had to laugh at that one, which only made her glare at me. "Sorry, sorry, but don't worry, I'll help you, it isn't far from here. By the way, my name is Reli." I smiled warmly at her "Oh, mine is Sha`harri" she replied with a soft giggle. "So Sha`harri" I said "what's up with your need to be at the ceremony? Know the new guy in charge?" "You can say that" she replied with a small smile. I looked at her, puzzled, but then I just shrugged, and we were on your way.

As we walked, I couldn't help but notice this rare gem sauntering next to me. Sha`harri was a nice reddish-brown haired beauty; about five foot seven with a flawless hourglass figure. She was rather pale with slight freckles on her cheeks and, as I mentioned before, she had the most inviting eyes of anyone I have ever met. I felt something in my chest feel...oddly warm...

In the past;

I was thinking to myself, wondering, when there was a sudden presence near me. I looked up, it was Nick, a Lycan, and around the same age I was. He sat down near me. "What are ya thinking about?" he asked. "Oh, I'm just wondering" I replied. "Wondering what?" he asked.

"Why I'm here" I replied. "Because you were born" He said. "No no, no, that's not what I meant, I meant, why am I here, at this school?" I said. "Because you're special." He said, then got up and walked away.